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A

TALE

OF A

MAN

AND HIS

MARE.

Found in an old Manuſcript, never before printed

--------Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?

The ſecond Edition, with Additions.

Printed in the Year 1721.

TALE.

MANNERS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A TALE OF A MAN AND HIS MARE.

AN honeſt Man once had a *Mare*,
Right well equipp'd with riding Gear,
Well fed, and ſleek like any Plum;
The fiend a Lirk was in her Bum.
The Maſter, when he did beſtride her,
Was careful ſoftly ſtill to ride her,
Much pampering is oft pernicious;
So prov'd it here, the Jade turn'd vitious.
Now ſhe begins to play her Tricks,
And farting full, ſhe ſpurns and kicks;

But too well fed, and kept too idle,
Turns Reſtive, and reſiſts the Bridle.
And waxing wild, ſhe quite diſdains
Her Maſter's Government and Reins,
And off ſhe gallops from the Manger:
By comes a littly ſneaking *Stranger*,
And jumps into the empty Saddle,
Which he had long'd for from his Cradle.
He was a Trooper to his Trade,
The fiend a Groat by it he made;
And tho' moſt deſperately ſtout,
He ſeldom miſs'd to get a Clout.
In every Fray, came off with Loſs,
And ſtill return'd by *Weeping Croſs*.
When he had gallop'd thro' the Town,
And Country, then this mad Dragoon
Well graithed in his Martial Gear,
And mounted on his ſtolen *Mare*,
Like Errant Knight away he wanders.
To puſh his Fortune into *Flanders*.
To tell you how the Knight was maul'd,
And how the *Mare* was all ſpurr-gall'd,
And jaded, till ſhe turn'd ſo thin,
The Bones appeared thro' her Skin,

Would

Would be a melancholly Story,
The Knight ſtill rode to find the Glory
Which he had loſt the Year before,
Till the Poor *Mare* could ride no more:
But after many Battles fought,
Where, ſave good Blows, the Knight gain'd nought;
No not ſo much in many a Year,
As would have once well corn'd the *Mare*,
Or greas'd his Boots, or ſol'd his Hoſe,
Or bought a Plaiſter to his Noſe.
There's one Thing I muſt not neglect,
To tell you, that he broke his Neck.
And then it was a certain Lady;
Mounted the *Mare*, which to her Daddy
Belong'd; and after him none other
Had right to ride her, but her Brother.
Then after her, a *Hum-drum* Clown,
Adorn'd with *Capricornus* Crown;
And with a *Scaramouchio*'s Fiz,
Pretends, forſooth, the *Mare* was his:
And tumbling, gets into the Saddle;
But then his Head-Piece being addle,
With Laughter you would ſplit your Sides,
To ſee how aukwardly he rides.

If ſhe but trot, then he muſt gabble,
Make a Grimace, and cry *Diable*,
Up comes a Servant, takes the Reins,
And thus accoſts Don *Rattle-Brains*.
Allow me, Sir, the *Mare* to lead;
Smoke you your Pipe, nee'r faſh your Head
About the Reins, leave that to me,
I'll manage them, ſays he, *Ouy, Ouy*,
There is a Proverb, I have heard it,
A fidging Mare *ſhould be well girded*.
Myn-Heer, then know you how to guide her,
Je ne ſcay pas, replies the Rider.
His Wife had brought him forth a Son:
Juſt ſuch a Thing as *Phaeton*;
A ſtrange phantaſtick *Gilligapus*,
Begot by Seignior *Priapus*;
A Knight well known by his large Balop,
Much long'd this Spark the *Mare* to gallop:
But old *Don Quixot* took great Care,
Becauſe he was apparent Heir,
That he ſhould never once beſtride her,
Or learn the Method how to ride her.
When he went to his Country Farm,
To eaſe himſelf of any Harm,

That might befall him by much Riding,
The *Mare* he truſted to the Guiding
Of Grooms, who did both ſpur and ſwitch her,
Young *Addlehead* durſt never touch her.
There he like a crouce Country Boor,
Would drink his Bottle, take his Whore:
For you muſt know, ſome little Strife
Fell out betwixt him and his Wife,
Which made him turn his Back upon her,
By which her Son had no great Honour.
He'd plant *Pottatoes*, or ſow *Turneep*,
He'd geld his *Swine*, or ſhear his *Sheep*;
Sometimes at *Blindmansbuff* he'd play,
And he excell'd in making Hay;
He'd ſell his Barley, Oats and Peaſe,
Hens and Capons, Butter and Cheeſe,
And all his other Country Gear,
Then drink a Mug of *Brunſwick* Beer,
And ſmoak his Pipe, and crack full crouce,
And from his Boſom pull a Louſe:
For thoſe who laboured in his Farm
'Gainſt Buggs and Lice could find no Charm.
The Carl ſwell'd, and look'd as big
As Bull-Beef, or triumphant *Whigg*;

Or as a *Scotch-Kirk's-Moderator*,
Or if you pleaſe, to call't *Dictator*.
Becauſe he'd got a Beaſt to ride on,
Made up of Bones, with little Hide on:
A Sceleton, a *Roſinante*,
Strigoſa valde, non ut ante.
When Fat ſhe flang like old *Jeſhurim*,
Were ſhe ſo now, ſhe'd ne'er endure him.
A ſtraying *Mare*, for be it known
To all Men, ſhe was not his own;
And therefore he took little Care
If he was well, how ſhe did fare.
For Hire to any Man he'd lend her,
And many an idle Errand ſend her.
Great Burdens on her Back he'd lay,
But gave her neither Corn nor Hay.
He'd make her draw a Cart or Wain,
Toil Night and Day, to bring him Gain:
And what ſhe purchas'd by her Labours,
Was given to his truſty Neighbours.
Who ſet him firſt upon her Back,
And were obliged by a Contract
In Saddle fix'd to keep his Doup,
When he was like to catch a Coup:

And closely by his Houghs to hing,
Whene'er the *Mare* began to fling;
Providing still, that for this Task,
He gave them what they pleas'd to ask,
When they desir'd, and the poor *Mare*
Must sweet and toil, to gain the Gear;
And all their Errands she must post,
Poor Beast, upon her proper Cost.
She durst not hang an Arse, nor grudge
When they desir'd to toil and trudge:
Or if she did, she got a Lick
With Whip, and was spurr'd in the Quick.
Oft would *Don Quixot* go a Gadding,
On's *Mare*, and try a Trick at Padding;
But then he never ventur'd out,
Because he was not over stout,
Without a trusty *Guard du Corps*
Of *Padders*, who went still before,
With grizly Whiskers on their Lips,
And in the Purchase still went Snips.
If any honest Man did meet him,
(All such he hated) he would greet him:
In this strange Manner, will you swear
I'm lawful Owner of this *Mare*.

No, God forbid, ſhould he reply,
That I ſhould ſwear an arrant Lye.
Sans more ado, he cuts his Throat,
And takes his Money every Groat.

He made the *Mare* great Burdens carry,
And Troopers o'er the Water ferry;
With riding up and down oppreſt her,
In ſerving a dull Thing her Maſter,
From whom ſhe never got one Bait,
Tho' ſhe toil'd for him ear and late.

His Neighbours he allow'd to dock her,
Then in a Muck-Cart he did yoke her;
And there ſhe ſuffer'd meikle Harm,
By drawing Dung to his poor Farm.

A Gentleman who ne'er had wrong'd him,
Nor meddled with what did belong t'him,
From whoſe rich Meadows every Year
Much Corn and Hay came to the *Mare*,
Was cultivating his own Ground,
And thinking all was ſafe and ſound;
When he's intent upon his Tillage,
And carefully repair'd his Village,
And fenc'd his Parks, like a good ſhifty
Landlord that's honeſt, wiſe and thrifty,

Up comes *Don Quixot* on his *Mare*,
Gives him a Box behind the Ear.
And you muſt know, this Trick he play'd
At the ſame Time when he had ſaid,
Dear Sir, I am your very ſure,
And faithful Friend *de tout mon Cœur*:
Which proves, let him ſay what he can,
He did not like an honeſt Man.
One Day, perhaps, he will repent it:
For ſoon or late 'twill be reſented.
Mean Time the *Mare* gain'd nothing by it,
She quickly found a Change of Diet;
As having neither Corn nor Straw,
Nor Hay to fill her hungry Maw.
He gave himſelf fantaſtick Airs,
As if he'd been above the Spheres
Of *Nimrod*, *Pharaoh*, *Cham* or *Cæſar*,
The Great *Mogul*, or *Neb'hadnezar*:
And true it is, in many a Thing
He much reſembled *Babel's* King.
Strutting like a Romantick Hero,
As ſtout as *Xerxes*, mild as *Nero*;
He thought the Neighbourhood ador'd him,
Whereas they mock'd him, and abhor'd him.

Fancy'd his Will to be a Law,
To keep his Neighbours all in Awe,
And force them into any Measure
That suited his capricious Pleasure:
Whether to box when he thought fit,
Or wrestle without Fear or Wit:
Or when he pleas'd to say, *Pax vobis*,
Leave off your Strife, *parete nobis*.
He thought his Neighbours would obey him,
And ne'er a Mortal would gain-say him.
Yet after all this Noise and Clutter,
His Friends lay oft-times in the Gutter.
His Talent lay not in plain Dealing,
Nor was he shap'd for Reconciling:
And his pretended Son and Wife
Know if he's good at ending Strife.
Religion for a Mask he used,
By which the Vulgar are amused:
For still when Rogues would cloak their Knav'ry,
And draw Men into Fear and Slav'ry,
Religion then must be pretended,
Or something in it to be mended:
Yet no Religion he practised,
And never will with this be pleased.

Quod

Quod tibi fieri non vis,
Tu alteri ne feceris.

He was a chagrin dull *Curmudgeon,*
Who ſtill took every Thing in Dudgeon,
A *Braggadocio,* and a Bully,
And every Part he acted dully,
A bluſtering huffy *Ragamuffin,*
Whoſe Head-Piece had but little Stuff in;
Tho' fortified without the Cells,
Within contain'd were *Bagatelles;*
And tho' a *Stranger* to good Senſe,
He had a Stock of Impudence.
He could put on a braſen Face,
And tell you with a ſloven Grace
A falſe unlikely ſlim ſlam Story,
That he had wrought great Wonders for ye.
A Maggot had poſſeſs'd his Head,
For rotten Stuff will Maggots breed,
Tho' ſome affirm it bred not there,
But only creep'd in at his Ear,
And finding empty Room to lodge in,
Fix'd there, and after rais'd great Dudgeon:

But how it bred, or in what Noddle
Or when it matters not a * *Boddle*,
Since it is ſure his Head is leſed,
And he with ſtrange *Chimera*'s pleated.
Firſt, he reſolv'd the *Mare* to feed,
Which now was ſtarv'd, and almoſt dead,
With Dilſe and Tangles, which in Store grew,
In *South Sea*, tho' no Man the Shore knew,
And were fetch'd home, ten Times as far
As Cape *Good Hope*, or *Madagaſcar*
From Regions of *Utopia*,
And *Terr' Auſtralis incognita*,
In Ships that floated thro' the Air,
Whether the Wind was croſs or fair
Without the Help of Maſts or Sail,
Or Oars or Helms fix'd to their Tail,
To which the Rudder of the *Rump* is,
In Place of Lugline, Helm and Compas,
Yet ſteer'd their Courſe as right and quick,
As if the Pilot were *Old Nick*,
The *Line* they'd cut, the *Cape* they'd double;
Floating upon an airy *Bubble*,
In one Day's Space would bring a Galley
From *Ne'er-found-land* t' *Exchange-Alley*,
Where

* The ſmalleſt *Scotch* Copper Coin.

Where they expos'd her *South Sea* Gear,
Fine Fodder for a ſtarving *Mare*:
Yet the poor hungry meagre Jade
Eat up this Traſh as ſhe'd been mad;
Which made her ſwell, and look as round
As if ſhe had been full and ſound.
But chancing to let fly behind
A Blaſt of ſomething more than Wind.
The Rider ſhe did all beſpatter
With Dung and ſtinking *South Sea* Water,
At this he ſtood bumbaz'd and troubled,
And ſcrub'd and rub'd to clean his Doublet.
If any Perſon had the Courage
To tell him to get better Forrage,
And of the *Mare* to take more Care,
Quoth he, *Ce n' eſt pas mon affair.*
Have you obſerv'd a Bubble ſwell,
Which Children blew up in a Shell
Of Soap and Spittle, how it flys,
And dazles their attending Eyes;
But when it fills them moſt with Wonder,
The ſeeming Something burſts aſunder,
And what look'd pretty full and fair
But erſt evaniſhes in Air.

So when the Wind that had been ſent
Within her Guts had got a Vent,
And forc'd its Paſſage by the Rump,
The *Mare*, who look'd both fat and plump,
And had no Lirk in all her Leather,
More than what's in a blown Bladder.
No ſooner had the Vapour paſt
Through Poſtern with a bluſt'ring Blaſt,
Which circumambient Air perfum'd,
As may be very well preſum'd
With Scent that was not aromatick,
And which turn'd many a Head Lunatick,
And made them in this ſad *Conundrum*
To hang an Arſe, and look right *humdrum*,
With ſurly, ſour and odd Grimaces,
You'd known them by their gloomy Faces.

The *Mare*, I ſay, when Wind got vent,
Look'd lean like Butchers Dogs in Lent;
The *South Sea* Ware had purg'd her ſo,
That ſhe could neither ſtand nor go.
This backward Blaſt and Tempeſt *Nota Bene* wreck'd all the *South Sea* Flota:
Rent all their Rigging, crook'd their Keels,
And kick'd up all the Sailers Heels,

Who tumbling lay in great Dejection,
Without the Hopes of Reſurrection;
The *Mare* was in a Peck of Troubles,
As having nought but Diſſe and Bubbles
To fill her Paunch, for from her Mangers
The Hay was carried off by Strangers.
Her Strength was ſpent, her Subſtance gone,
And nought remain'd but Skin and Bone.
To make her Miſery complete,
Tho' ſhe had nothing now to eat,
More Loads were heap'd upon her Back;
Which made the poor Beaſt's Bones to crack.
When ſhe was in this woful Plight,
It was a mortifying Sight
To ſee the poor Beaſt toſs and tumble,
Bow down her Head, and groan and grumble,
It would have broke a Heart of Stone,
To hear her make her ruthful Moan:
For you muſt know *Balaam*'s Aſs
Was never in ſo bad a Paſs:
If forward ſhe advanc'd one Pace,
Deſtruction ſtar'd her in the Face:
If backward ſhe eſſay'd to go,
It would not do, he ſpurr'd her ſo:

Nor could ſhe turn to either Hand,
Nor had ſhe Strength enough to ſtand:
Nor would an Angel looſe her Tongue,
The Beaſt was lifeleſs, dumb and clung.
So down ſhe tumbled on the Ground,
And fainting fell into a Sound:
Then heav'd her Head, and gave a Groan,
And ſeem'd to ſay, *Oh on! Oh on!*
I who liv'd once at Rack and Manger,
E'er I was mounted by a Stranger,
Am now reduc'd to this ſad Pickle,
Becauſe I fooliſh was and fickle,
And left my good and careful Maſter,
I juſtly ſuffer this Diſaſter.
Then down again ſhe droop'd her Head,
And when ſhe ſeem'd to be near dead,
And fiend a Thing was in her Belly,
He had the Confidence to tell ye,
And that indeed with a *Notandum*,
Tho' moſt Men thought he ſpake at *random*,
Obſerve, quoth he, I ſay the *Mare*
Is fatter than ſhe was laſt Year.
Thus was the *Mare* both toil'd and ſtarv'd.
And treated as ſhe well deſerv'd.

And worſe and worſe muſt ſtill betide her,
Till her own Rightful Maſter ride her.
Long ſince a certain Proverb-maker,
Who you will grant was no Wiſaker
'Mong many other pretty Tales,
Has told us one which never fails,
A good Man, and this is no Jeſt,
Is merciful to his own Beaſt.
What follows muſt not be neglected,
The tender Mercies of the Wicked
Are cruel. Reader, now *adieu*,
I know you'll grant all this is true;
I wiſh the Man his *Mare* again,
My Tale is done, ſay you, *Amen.*

F I N I S.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

MARCELLUS.

I have seen nothing.

HORATIO.

Therefore I think it but a fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

MARCELLUS.

Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

HORATIO.

Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

MARCELLUS.

Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.